WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 19.—VOL. XVI NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1804. NO. 850.

THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER;

A TALE.

(By Miss Venner.)

CONTINUED.

ORANGENETTE de Vassy was on the point of marriage with the baron la Motte, when the baron suddenly died. It nearly cost Orangenette her life: she had fondly loved Henri a Motte, and the loss threw her into a violent fever. During her confinement, her raving disclosed a circumstance to her two sisters, Catharine and Augusta, that froze their blood with horror; however, long before she recovered they had forgiven her; and Catherine, when she was restored to health, gently questioned her on the subject.—Orangenette's blushes confirmed the worst, and Augusta herself on her knees before her sister, and concealing her face in her lap, confessed herself pregnant by the departed Henri. Catherine raised the weeping girl; and, after a gentle reprimand, gave her her forgiveness. Augusta likewise pardoned her, and Orangenette now only dreaded her father's anger.

Alas! the Count de Vassy, when acquainted with his daughter's disgraceful conduct, utterly discarded her; and Orangenette, once his pride and darling, found the door of her paternal roof, for the first time in her life, shut against her, and procured shelter from her father's face at madame d'Albina's

Two days before this had been but a few weeks before Orangenette, and her daughter dying, she proposed the immediate stratagem of adopting Sophie as her stead. To this the mother readily agreed; and, from that moment, madame d'Albina became her parent.

Orangenette, when recovered from her confinement, proposed retiring to a convent. Catherine implored her, with many tears, to desist from such a purpose. Her husband used his arguments with hers, but without effect. Orangenette was inflexible, and her friends gave up the point.

Augusta found means to see her before she departed. Many tears she shed over her: many times embraced her, before she tore herself away; and Orangenette's spirits nearly sank beneath the pressure of her affections before she reached the abbey of St. Mary.

Madame de Augusta shortly after married. From her, Catherine constantly heard of her father's health; for the countenance she had shown to her forlorn sister had obtained her father's mercy, and his door was shut against Monsieur d'Angis and her for ever.

Some years had passed away, and the face of Time appeared the same to all around Albina's desk. His distressed cousin assumed his looks, and wore grief, and for some time it lay heavy on her heart. However, she had other claims to notice; and, knowing it was for Sophie's interest to exert herself, she prepared to investigate her affairs; which being settled to her entire satisfaction, she took an affectionate farewell of her sister Augusta, her nephew, and all her friends, and soon joined Orangenette in the convent of St. Mary, where she resided as a boarder till the time of that lady's decease.

I shall now return to Sophie. From the period of Orangenette's death, Sophie's manners underwent a thorough change, she grew restless and unhappy. Serenity no longer sat upon her brow, nor did smiles play round her lips. Her fine eyes lost their lustre, her cheeks their rich glow of health, and her delicate frame was seized with an universal melancholy. Madame d'Albina discerned the change.

"Sophie," said she, "This convent, I fear, no longer possesses any of its former charms in your eyes since Orangenette's lamented death. Is it not so, my love? Ah, you cannot deceive me! You sigh to quit this hateful place, and scenes of ever perpetual remembrance of sorrow. Alas! my heart, deeply hurt by the loss of my husband has found more consolation and repose with Orangenette and you in this abode than I could have found in all the wealth that world could bestow. I shall leave you the inheritance of my whole fortune: but, alas! my child, it is small. Your grandfather, indeed, is immensely rich: his property goes to my nephew, Godolphin d'Arcenceux, the orphan of your deceased aunt Augusta and her husband monsieur d'Arcenceux. I had determined that no distress or misfortune should compel me to have recourse to the count de Vassy: yet for you, my Sophie, the pride of resentment is forgotten. I no longer fear exposing myself to mortification and reproach; but, in the hope of awakening compassion for you in your grandsire's breast. I will quit it ——, and, throwing myself at my father's feet, present his Orangenette's orphan, and pray him to receive her to his protection at Catharine's decease."

Madame d'Albina shed a torrent of tears while Sophie, no less agitated, imprinted countless kisses on her hand—a tribute of thanks for her aunt's superior goodness.

"Ah, my mamma!" sighed Sophie,—"for I will still call you by that endearing title—how kind, how considerate you are! Alas! can the grateful Sophie ever repay such exalted kindness? You anticipate every wish of your way ward girl; for 'tis certain I no longer find pleasure in a place that has lost its chief adornment":

> "I meet her ever in the cheerless cell,
> The gloomy grotto, and unlocked wood:
> I see her ever in the midnight dell.
> The hollow vale, and hoarse reverberating flood."

"Besides, my dear madam, Adelaide de Montmorenci is shortly to quit us; and is it possible your Sophie can find happiness here when she is gone? Ah, no! it is not possible."

Madame d'Albina shortly after began to make preparations for her departure; and, in the fourth month after the death of Orangenette, she quitted, in company with Adelaide de Montmorenci and Sophie, the convent of St. Mary, and set out for Paris.

The count and countess de Montmorenci received the charge of madame de Albina with the utmost rapture. Adelaide was their only child, and her amiable parents nearly idolized her; nor was she unworthy their affections; for she was an elegant, sensible, modest, unaffected girl. Her mind was highly finished by the hand of nature; and, in the eyes of her approving parents, a precious gem to which the artist's skill could add neither brilliancy nor value.

Sophie's engaging manners soon gained her the tender esteem of the count and countess, almost before they were aware of her fascinating power and seducing beauties.

Madame d'Albina's delightful recess was adjoining the *chateau de* Montmorenci: the countess often beat her steps to the sweet and peaceful solitude, and madame spared no efforts to render these visits pleasing to her noble guest. While these two ladies continued their increasing professions of friendship, Adelaide and Sophie, with blooming health and vivid cheerfulness, continued testifying their animated regard for each other. They might be said to be

> "Two lovely berries moulded on one stem."

At a *fete*, given in honor of Adelaide's return Sophie was invited. The novelty of her person attracted many eyes; and one gentleman, in particular, appeared much struck with her beauty. He secured her hand for the first dance, and could scarcely withdraw his gaze for a moment from her angel-like countenance. Sophie not less charmed with his numerous graces, looked with pleasure on his attentions.—This gentleman appeared to be about seventeen. He was tall, and elegantly formed: his complexion of a brown tint; his nose aquiline; and his black eyes would have been too piercing, if the long silken lashes by which they were shaded had not given them a softened expression of sensibility. As they went down the dance, they were universally admired for the beautiful proportion of their figures, and the graceful agility of their motions. Sophie's face crimsoned at each pressure of her partner's hand. She dared not trust her voice, in answer to his warm praises: but those eyes which sought to meet his—those smiles by which she answered his—would have shewn to the most cursory observer that she anxiously strove to please.

The dance ended, the gentleman handed Sophie to a seat, and secured himself one next her, entering into a sprightly conversation with her. This was shortly interrupted by an elderly gentleman, who advanced towards Sophie's partner.

"Godolphin," said he, "you seem pleasantly engaged," fixing his eyes stedfastly on our heroine. "Pr'ythee introduce to me your fair partner."

The young man appeared at a loss for her name. "I conceive the meaning of your silence, chevalier," said the artless Sophie. "Pray present me as Sophie d'Albina."

The old gentleman turned pale; the young one started; and, almost instantly, they bowed and left her.

Sophie was at a loss to interpret the meaning of this behavior.—She disclosed her amazement to madame d'Albina when she returned home, and did not rest the whole night for thinking of the handsome chevalier. Her aunt had been equally restless from no eyes she concealed from her darling neice.

In the forenoon of the following day, supported by the arm of the attentive Sophie, madame

... bent her steps to the *chateau de Montmorenci*, with the hope of obtaining the names of the strangers. They entered unannounced; and Adelaide, rushing forward to embrace Sophie, exclaimed—"Thank you my love for this unexpected visit."

The party being seated, madame d'Albina made her enquiries. The countess paused for a moment before she answered.—

I have been instrumental to an innocent stratagem, dear ladies," said she taking a hand of her friend and Sophie. "Thank heaven, all has answered to my wishes! The count de Vassy will pardon his Catharine, and receive to his arms the offspring of Orangenette."

"Repeat once more that blessed sound, dearest madam!" exclaimed the Sophie. "Say, again, the count will bury in oblivion the errors of the misguided Orangenette, and that he will avow his kindred to the poor Sophie."

"Hear me, Sophie," cried the countess. "Monsieur, my husband, is the friend of your grandfather; his social companion and confident. He had often of late heard the count de Vassy deplore his harshness to the poor Orangenette. "Oh," cried he, "my friend! that I could find the sweet forsaken one,—I would receive her again to my arms and forgive the past!" Thus encouraged, we ventured to bring the party together, think Sophie would prove the sweetest pleader. And now, my amiable friends, are ye prepared to receive monsier de Vassy?"

"Where—where is he?" cried the beautiful Catharine.

"Here am I, my beloved!" exclaimed her father, entering, followed by Godolphin, his nephew.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

DEPRAVITY IN OLD AGE.

A decripid man, a tinker, in low circumstances, in the neighborhood of Spitsfields, some time ago buried his wife, about a month after which he took home a second woman; but his labor not answering their expences, they separated, and he took a third, who, like the other two, was fond of the juice of the juniper; she did not live long:—four days after he took a fourth, who was also fond of white pot, alias gin; promised to marry her; but after a sound sleep forgot his promise, and fell in love with a fifth; the former being jealous of the latter, they fought an obstinate battle. People interposed and separated the combatants: the man being the cause of this indecent scene, he was about to be taken up, but found his safety in flight. The parish-officers, however, are in search after him, for his immoral conduct, and for being a nuisnce to the neighborhood.

ANECDOTES.

TWO *paddies* met one morning, one of which the night before, had lost his wife; "Oh Jammy," said he, "how hard are the dealings of Providence towards me in taking away my *dare* wife by death; yours is left to comfort you—but misfortune, alas is no more! "Hold! Hold," replied Jammy, "do'nt break your poor heart about that, *dear* honey I'll swap even with you now 'an you will."

A heavy complaint has been made against the authors of modern romances, full of Ghosts, Spectres and Murders. The young ladies are so frightened as to be—*afraid to sleep alone.*

VERSES.

Occasioned by a young Lady's saying she had the night before, dreamt that the Author was dead; and when she awoke, fi und her cheeks bedewed with tears.

OH! cruel maid—I must complain—
How long will you sport with my pain?
Can nought but dreams your pity move,
Or must I die to gain your love?

If what you dreamt had proved true,
If my pale corse had struck your view;
Say, would you have bedew'd my bier,
Heav'd a soft sigh, or drop a tear?

Yes yes, I know your tender heart,
Would bush a sigh and tear impart;
Would like the turtle for her mate,
Weep at my lot and mourn my fate.

I'll bless your sighs I'll bless your tears,
I'll bless your slumbering griefs and fears;
Each tender sigh each pearly tear,
Yield's to my heart a tribute dear.

Weep not for me my lovely maid,
Tho' deeply wounded, I'm not dead;
Those balmy tears that for me flow'd,
Have cheer'd my hopes, new life restor'd.

Snatch'd from a cold untimely grave,
An angel wept, my life to save!—
No more let tears your cheeks bedew,
My dearest Ann, I'll live for you.

At eve we'll on one pillow rest,
Then sweetly dream of pleasures past:
And when the dawning morn draws near,
We'll wake more lasting joys to share.

WERTER.

Long-Island, Nov. 25th.

TAKING OF BIRDS NESTS.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood pigeons breed,
But let me that plunder forbear!
She will say 'tis a barbarous deed.

For he never can be true she avow'd,
Who can rob a poor bird of her young;
And I too'd be the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold,
How that pity was due to a dove:
That it ever attended the bold;
And she call'd it the sister of love.

M. I.

ON HUMAN LIFE.

A Translation from the Greek.

O Life, thou burden of perpetual care,
Which no one can escape, and few can bear,
What path can screen us from thy height of woe,
Save that, where Death this veil of tears shall close!
Sweet are thy natural charms: the land, the main,
The sun, and silver moon, and starry train;
But all the rest is bitterness and tears,
Pain in the present, in the future fears,
And tho' some transient joy the mourner feels,
Avenging sorrow treads upon his heels.

OR, THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE;

SOME centuries before the cruelty and avarice of the Spanish adventurers had subverted the empires of the new world. Axenica ascended the throne of Mexico. His administration gave offence to his nobles, whose privileges he endeavored to circumscribe, and they conspired and effected his disposition, and raised his brother Itzualpa to the sovereign power. Ador, a youth of noble birth and distinguished endowments both of body and mind, had been the favorite, (which may appear somewhat extraordinary in our old world) at the same time the sincere and zealous friend, of the dethroned monarch. To free him from the bonds in which he was held, and restore him to his lost power, he raised a not numerous, but determined band, with which he took the field against the partisans of the new sovereign. Oppressed by numbers, the greatest part of his followers fell around him on the field; and himself, stunned by a violent blow, became the captive of his enemies. He was led in triumph to the new monarch; whom, instead of supplicating for his life, he upbraided with his infidelity to their common lord. Itzualpa could not but admire the courage and dignified meekness of his noble prisoner; but, on conferring with the grandees, it was resolved he should expiate by his death the crime he had committed against the new order of things.

The heart of Ador was not less susceptible of the tenderest feelings than animated by courage to brave danger in the cause of his friend and benefactor. He loved Zulva with the fondest passion, and Zulva amply returned him the tribute of her affection. Zulva to all the graces of her sex added the most determined resolution and firm presence of mind. When she heard of the defeat and captivity of her beloved Ador, and learned that the fatal sentence was pronounced against his life, she hastened into the presence of Itzualpa, and threw herself at the feet of the monarch,

"O spare the life of Ador!" exclaimed she: "spare him whose only crime has been fidelity to his sovereign! bestow on him life, and he will serve you as faithfully."

"Zulva," said Itzualpa, "Ador dies: not because he was faithful to his late prince, but because he is the enemy of his present lord. He will be dangerous to our government, as the lion that infests the neighboring forest is to the industrious rustics and their labouring cattle." If, continued he, with a disdainful smile, "you can go forth, singly, and, before the expiration of the three days fixed for the execution of Ador, bring the head of this devouring beast, whose ferocity has already proved fatal to several of our most experienced and bravest hunters, and spread a general terror through the country, Ador shall live."

Zulva immediately rose, and, making a profound obeisance to the monarch, hastily left his place.

Zulva had been accustomed to the sports and fatigues of the field: she could send the winged shaft from the twanging bow with unerring aim, and a force seldom exceeded by the masculine arm. She now determined to go out with her arrow and bow against the monster of the wood, and either fall by his fangs, or fulfill the condition which was to secure life to her lover. She traversed undauntedly by the thickest of the forest, explored its gloomy recesses, and, at length, espied the furious beast. Intrepidly she fitted the arrow to the string, and, putting up a prayer to the Divinity who, as her country's religion taught her, presided over the af-

fections and the fond wishes of faithful lovers, she took aim, and, discharging the shaft with inconceivable force, pierced the vital part where the spinal marrow joints the brain. The brave, without a struggle, fell motionless before her. In an ecstacy of wonder and gratitude, she returned thanks to the celestial power which had so completely crowned with success her desperate attempt. With an instrument she had with her she cut off the head of the beast, and bore it in triumph to the palace of the monarch.

"I come," said she, "to claim your royal promise. The lion which ravaged our plains is fallen by my hand. I bring you his head. Let Ador live."

Izmalda surveyed with astonished the graceful and beauteous Zaïra,

"My promise shall be sacred," said he; "such love must triumph. The gallant Ador alone can deserve such exalted affection, and long may he live to enjoy it. I would aspire to his friendship; but, at least, I know that his magnanimity will not suffer him again to act as my enemy."

Ador and Zaïra lived many years in uninterrupted happiness. Izmalda, who sincerely admired and revered the virtues of Ador, presented on him to accept an important office in the government, which he administered to his own honor to himself and benefit to his people.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 8 1804.

Forty-four Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 1st instant.

AT the recommendation of the Clergy of this city, the Mayor and Corporation have appointed Thursday, the 27th instant, to be observed as a day of public Thanksgiving and prayer.

Three hundred and one dollars and six cents were collected on Sunday last in St. Peter's Church, towards the support of the schools of said church.

A letter, it is reported, is received in town from the Mediterranean, announcing a second engagement with the Tripolitans by the American fleet under Commodore Preble, in which Lieutenant Decatur is said to have been killed.

Captain Dunkins, arrived at Norfolk, in 45 days from Lisbon, reports that on account of the plague raging at Malaga, the inhabitants intented setting fire to the town.

The valuable ship Samuel Smith, Deal, from Batavia, with a full cargo of sugar and coffee, bound to Baltimore, was cast away lately on the coast of North Carolina; ship and cargo entirely lost, crew saved.

The ship Two Brothers, from Liverpool to Boston was lost on the 10th of last month in a violent gale of wind, at a place called Cape Bay, to the eastward of Halifax.

The English privateer General Bowyer of Bristol, was captured by a French privateer of 13 guns in the month of August last.

A declaration of war, it is said in the Charleston Courier, has been issued against Spain by his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Hayti.

A very extraordinary festival was celebrated at Ems, in Germany, on the 25th of August, on a subject which well deserves the commemoration of Literature and Liberty. The City Printing Office, belonging to Messrs Grass and Barth, had reached on the above mentioned day the 300th year of its establishment; and has besides been carried on for upwards of two centuries and an half by the same family. Such circumstances loudly call for festive celebration; and among other means employed to perpetuate the jubilee a very beautiful medal has been struck whose devices are happily appropriate to the occasion.

GLASGOW, July 2.

Jannet Yorkston, a tambour-mistress, appeared before the magistrates, and paid a fine of fifty pounds, for cruelty and oppression exercised upon Agnes Livingstone, and orphan employed in her service. It appeared in evidence, that Mrs. Yorkston, assisted by her niece, and several other females, had been in the practice, for several months together, of exercising the most atrocious cruelties upon the orphan girl before mentioned, on pretence of her neglecting her work; that she burnt her on almost every part of her body with red hot tongs, held the soles of her feet to the grate, lasted her with a knotted rope and a horse-whip, to the effusion of her blood, and sometimes carried her cruelty so far as to throw herring-brine up on her wounds to make them smart. The poor victim at last made her escape from the house; and having obtained admission into the infirmity of Glasgow, the magistrates were made acquainted with her case, and directed the procurator-fiscal to raise the prosecution.

LONDON, July 14.

Sunday night, about ten o'clock, a gentleman called a coach from a stand in Piccadilly, to take him to Great Portland-street, Oxford-market; having arrived there, he desired to be drove to Westminster, to a wine-vault, and then desired to be reconducted to Portland-street, naming the number of the house, where having arrived, the door was opened to him, when he paid the coachman five shillings, and in an instant dashed his watch against the floor. The coachman went but a few yards from the house, on his return home, when he heard the cry of murder from the house; upon which he returned and enquired into the cause; it appeared that the gentleman attempted his own life by cutting his throat with a knife in a most shocking manner. Surgical assistance was immediately procured for the unfortunate man, whose recovery is very doubtful.

August 2.

As two gentlemen were passing through St. James's-park, late on Sunday night, they unobservedly discovered some person near the brink of the canal, in the attitude of devotion, with a brace of pistols and some letters by his side. At first, his mind was greatly agitated, and with some force and great persuasion he accompanied them. He stated, he had been a captain in the army, and had lately experienced nothing but troubles. He came to london purposely to solicit his friends and his royal highness the duke of York for some situation, which applications had been unsuccessful; and therefore he had no prospects left of future happiness. The charges of the pistols were drawn, and he took his leave with faithful promises to banish from his mind so rash an idea. He was very genteelly dressed, about thirty years of age, and in manners quite the gentleman.

COURT OF HYMEN.

HAIL holy flame! hail! sacred tye!
That binds two gentle souls in one—
On equal wing their troubles fly,
In equal streams their pleasures run.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Coats, Mr. *John Oakley*, merchant, to Miss *Hannah Mead*, both of this city.

Same evening, at New Barbadoes Neck, near Newark, by the Rev. Dr. M'Whorter, Mr. *John C. Watson*, of this city, to Miss *Jane Bogert*, daughter of Caspar Bogert, Esq. of Paramus, N. J.

By the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. *Nicholas Chevet*, to Miss *Elizabeth Wayland*, both of this city.

MORTALITY.

THE path of sorrow and that path alone
Leads to that land where sorrow is unknown.

DIED.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. CATHARINE WILSON, the consort of captain John Wilson. It will only be justice to her memory to remark, that she looked forward to her approaching dissolution with a calmness and resignation which bespoke a consciousness of having done nothing but that which would ensure her entrance into the Mansions of Bliss.

On Wednesday last, Mrs. MARY IVES.

CHRISTMAS PIECES;

Just received a very elegant assortment, colored and plain, by the Groce, Dozen or single one; For Sale at this Office.

THEATRE.

(NINTH NIGHT OF MR. COOPER'S ENGAGEMENT,)

On Monday Evening will be presented, the first part of

Henry the Fourth,

To which will be added the much admired Pantomime, of

Black Beard,

For Sale at this Office; No. 3 Peck-Slip,

Books and ***Stationary***

Of every description.

History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Romances, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c.

Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafers Sealing Wax, Ink-Stands, Pocket Books, Slates, Pencils, Pen-knives, &c. &c.

FIVE DOLLARS REWARD.

Lost on Saturday evening last, a silver double case English WATCH; with a steel chain; the makers name Burnton; whoever will return the same at this Office shall receive the above reward.

HUTCHINGS IMPROVED

ALMANACK:

FOR THE YEAR 1805; FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

COURT OF APOLLO.

TO MY DAUGHTER, ON BEING SEPERATED FROM HER ON HER MARRIAGE.

(BY MRS. HUNTER.)

DEAR to my heart, as life's warm stream,
Which animates this mortal clay,
For thee I court the waking dream,
And deck with smiles the future day;
And thus beguile the present pain
With hopes, that we shall meet again.

Yet, will it be, as when the past
Twin'd every joy, and care, and thought,
And o'er our minds one mantle cast,
Of kind affections, finely wrought?
Ah no! the groundsel's hope were vain,
For so we ne'er can meet again!

May he, who claims thy tender heart,
Deserve its love, as I have done!
For kind and gentle as thou art,
If so believ'd, thou'rt fairly won;
Bright may the fav'red torch remain,
And cheer thee till we meet again.

ANECDOTE.

THE little value placed upon money by Sea-faring people in general, is well known. An honest tar, who had lined his pockets with the coals of the enemy of his country, ordered a huge gold ring to be made. When the tradesman had finished it, he told him it was common to have a posey engraved on it. Very well (said the seaman) what must it be? Any thing you please (replied the goldsmith.) Then (returned the other) put on

"When money's low the ring must go"

This was done, and the honest son of Neptune, was so much pleased with the execution of the whole, that he ordered a massy pair of silver buckles to be made, with the rims as broad as the edge of a two inch plaister; and here (said he) you may as well put a posey on them also:

"If he went do the buckles too"

FRENCH STORE.

No. 253 BROAD-WAY,

OPPOSITE THE NEW-CITY-HALL.

P. Dubois, has the honor to inform the public that he has removed his store from No. 81 William Street, to the above place, where he keeps a choice assortment of Perfumery, Jewelry, and fancy articles, viz. Rose Pomatum [illegible] Perfumes of all sorts, a variety of [illegible] Milk of Roses, India Wood, Tablets, Face and [illegible] Powder, Antique Oil, sweet scented Peas, burning Pastils to perfume apartments, the celebrated Chevalier Ruspini's Dentrifice, the Damask Lip Salve, Tortoise shell, ivory, horn, and lead Combs, Scissars, Penknives, Razors, and Razor Strops, dressing Boxes, Parisian elastic Corsets, Artificial flowers and Plume, Essence and Quenne Garters, Smelling Bottles, Pinching and Curling irons, Gold Pearl and Paste Earrings, Ladies and Gentlemen's, Suspenders, Trimets, and all kinds of ornamental Hair for Ladies head dresses. The Jessamin and Violet Oil for thickening preserving and restoring the hair, the Circassian Liquid that gives in a few minutes a jet black colour to the hair, and a variety of other articles all warranted of the best kind and sold at a reasonable rate.

P. D. keeps as usual his Intelligence Office where are to be had servants of every description and as much as circumstances will allow of Good Character.

Oct. 27 1804. 8t4 if.

MORALIST.

GRATITUDE AND LOVE.

GRATITUDE and love are almost opposite affections; love is often an involuntary passion, placed upon our companions without our consent, and frequently conferred without our previous esteem. We love some men, we know not why; our tenderness is naturally excited in all their concerns; we excuse their faults with the same indulgence, and approve their virtues with the applause, with which we consider our own. When we entertain the passion, it pleases us; we cherish it with delight, and give it up with reluctance; and love for love is all the reward we expect or desire.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instill in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he purposes opening an Evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict œconomy, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself it will further encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms. No. 17 Bonker-Street.

W. D. LEZELL.

ELEGANT SILVER TEA SETS & JEWELRY,
JOHN W. FORBES,
No. 421 PEARL, CORNER OF ROSE STREETS,

Returns his thanks to his friends, and the public, for past favors, and flatters himself from the knowledge he has in Manufacturing the above articles, and the assiduous attention paid to all orders to merit a continuance of their patronage. He has on hand a few Tea Sets of the latest fashion and most elegant patterns, Likewise Tea and Table Spoons, Soup Ladles, Gravy and Mustard Spoons, &c. Gold Buckles, Breast Pins, Rings, Earrings &c. &c. Ivory and Silver Needle Cases, Penknives, Scissars, Pocket-Books, Combs, Beads, &c. &c. &c.

Silver Tea Sets, Coffee pots, and Biggins Waiters, Wine-Coolers, &c. made to any pattern, on the shortest notice. Worn metal up and Silver, warranted equal to British Sterling.

N. B. Old Gold and Silver Taken in payment.

Dec. 10, 1804. 8t9 if.

LIQUID BLACKING

TICE's improved shining liquid blacking for boots and shoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is universally allowed the best ever offered to the public, it never corrodes nor cracks the leather but renders it soft, smooth and beautiful to the last and never fails. Black morocco that has lost its lustre is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. Sold wholesale, retail, and for exportation, by J. Tice at his perfumery store, No. 136 Williamstreet, and by G. Camp No. 149 Pearl street, where all orders will be thankfully received, and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle will be signed J. TICE, in writing, without which they are not genuine

J. Tice has likewise for sale, a general assortment of Perfumery of the first quality. Dec. 27.

N. SMITH,

Chimical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, (the Golden Bell, No. 114 Broadway, opposite the City Hotel).

SMITH's improved chimical Milk of Roses is well known for clearing the Skin from tanf, pimples, redness or sun burns: has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for genteel after shaving,—with printed directions,—6s. 8s, and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Tonnade de Grafse, for thickening the hair, & keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot. with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair Powder, 12. per lb.—do. Violet, double scented 1s. 6d

His beautiful Rose Powder, 1s. 6d.

Smith's favourite Royal Paste, for washing the face making it fancy fair, delicate and fair, to be had only at home, with directions. 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's chimical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2 and 4s per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chimical Blacking Cakes, for making Shoes Liquid Blacking.—Almond Powder for the Skin, &c.

Smith's Circassian Oil, for giveling and keeping the hair in curl. His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, [illegible] Chimical principles to help the operation of Shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s per box.

The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving boxes, Dressing cases, Pen-knives, Scissars Tortoise shell, Ivory, and Horn-combs, Superfine white Scotch Smelling-bottles, &c. &c. Ladies & Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh & free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfumery. *,* Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

December 6 1803. 8o5 if.

NEW-YORK REGISTERING AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

No 9 Broad Street (near the City-Hall) where families or single gentlemen, upon application, may be supplied with servants of every description; merchants with clerk's, merchant's with journeymen—mills, farmers, apprentices, journeymen, mechanics, and persons of every description may be supplied with places.

Sept. 8, 1804. 8i6 1m.

J. GREENWOOD,
Dentist to the late President G. Washington.

INFORMS the public that he continues to perform every operation incident to the TEETH & GUMS, from the fixing in of a single tooth to a complete set.

J. G. flatters himself that his long experience in the Art enables him to fix in Artificial teeth so firm and in so natural in appearance as to [illegible] for them to be done he has not been exceeded as yet in the line of his profession, and he could with propriety say more, but "words are but wind"....."Experience is the touch Stone."

N.B. J. G. may be consulted on all complaints of the Teeth and Gums, and advice Given; free from expence at his house No. 13 north side the Park four doors from the Theatre, towards St. Paul's Church.

Oct. 20 1804. 8i4 1m

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